

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

INTEREST in the authorship, significance, and form of that literary orchid, *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, is in no wise abating. That the solution offered recently in our columns by "Theta," and apparently, though mysteriously, approved by the anonymous author, does not satisfy all readers, is shown by a letter we print this week. Meanwhile guesses at the authorship fill our ears, like the "thousand twangling instruments" that perplexed Caliban. It is known that the MS. of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* was offered to Mr. Murray through Mr. Pinker, the well-known literary agent; and on this circumstance is built the theory that the book is the secret venture of some well-known and shrewdly mercantile novelist. In this connexion we have heard whispered the name of a humourist who has done, and may wish to do again, serious and striking work. But hardly has this guess filled us with amaze, when a penetrating critic suggests to us the name of a young writer, whose authorship of a certain book of verse did not long remain a secret. Were this second suggestion to gain acceptance, the interest which already attaches to the book would certainly lose nothing.

MEANWHILE, without questioning the talent in *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, or the interest of the present discussion, we cannot help remarking that the book and the mystery which attaches to it do not strike us as healthy signs of the time. With all its cleverness and human interest, a book like *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* is without the living wind that blows through true literature; it is essentially vaporous and not quite wholesome. It is clever and engrossing, and touches many hearts; but a book may do all this without being essentially valuable. The hopes of fiction lie in big conceptions, a wide stage, and the power to embody character and emotion; not merely to state these in narrow exquisite compass. Of course, if the book is a genuine correspondence these remarks do not apply. But even in that case they may not be wholly without justification. For we feel almost certain that a fashion in fiction is about to spring up, taking as its models *A Gift from the Grave* and *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*. If so, we regret that we can give it but a doubtful welcome.

PROBABLY many of our readers were struck by the contents of the postcard which we received from Mr. Frederic Harrison a month ago, when we asked a number of critics to name the books which had pleased and interested them most during 1900. Mr. Harrison replied:

The only first-class book of 1900 has been Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea-and-Nay*.

For this faith which is in him Mr. Harrison gives his reasons in an article on Mr. Hewlett in the current *Fortnightly*. He begins boldly: "At last we have a fine writer of romance—of historical romance in the old meaning of that somewhat languishing art." Mr. Harrison

sees continuous progress in Mr. Hewlett's art. After the *Little Novels of Italy*, he says:

It remained to be shown if our artist could construct an elaborate, full, coherent romance; true to historic realism; ample in incident and plot; correct in pictorial tone; a truly romantic epic, wrought out from end to end by living men and women, playing their parts in due relation and sequence. This Maurice Hewlett has done in his new piece, *The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay*.

After examining the texture of this romance, Mr. Harrison does not burk its phrasiness. Quoting some "fine idealisms," such as "the sacred air in which a loved woman moves," and others, he says:

They tell me they find all this harsh, difficult to follow, queer. But for my part I prefer a real historical romance such as this, told, it may be, in somewhat antique old English, to photographs of thieves' slums, and the monkey tricks of schoolboys and recruits—aye, or to a wilderness of monkeys, and to all the drawing-room flirtations and divorce-court vulgarities which are the fashion of to-day.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE's remarks upon the future of the dramatic profession and the unassailability of the actor, made at the professional matinée of "Herod" this week, seem to have set a well-known poet dreaming somewhat in the manner of the Judæan king. At least, so we gather from the following lines which reach us, signed "S. P.":

### A DREAM.

Bear with me, oh!

I dreamed last night of a mime of willowy grace  
To be the conqueror of the Lyceum Knight  
And ravish immortality through me.  
There shall the critics blindly dash themselves,  
There shall the *D. Mail* strike, and there the *World*  
Shall aim each week its William Archery.  
And other actors shall repair to him,  
Immune from cost when Centuries are born,  
And he will fill their wounds with balm, ah! ah!  
And he shall be the hope of tragic poets,  
The succourer of neo-Elizabethans,  
Shall send a light on the St. James's lost  
And help them with their first and second acts.

[Murmurs of sympathy]

And I will think in Tennyson and dream in Marlowe,  
Imagine in Shakespeare and in Tree conceive.  
Till it shall dazzle Mr. Sidney Colvin  
And Messrs. Edmund Gosse and Stephen Gwynn.  
And it shall fill Her Majesty's o' nights,  
Allure e'en gods into the gallery—ah!  
And all the golden West from sumptuous cates.  
And when 'tis over I will strive with him  
To buy Paolo and Francesca from Alexander.

WE understand that the profits of the *Daily Mail* during 1900 amount to £80,000.

THE retirement of Sir John Tenniel from the staff of *Punch* suggests, perhaps, to the public mind the ending of an epoch more markedly than might an event of really historical importance. For fifty years the same hand, with hardly an interval, has drawn the weekly *Punch* cartoon. The record, as a mere statement of fact, is wonderful; but when we consider the quality of the work—its alertness, humour, insight—it becomes a matter on which our time may congratulate itself, as well as Sir John Tenniel. Thousands of people looked to his work as a guide to the proper appreciation of an event or of an individual; and many of us, on reflection, will discover that our idea of Beaconsfield is mainly composed of memories of a great series of cartoons. That in the current issue lacks no quality which made the earlier work great. It is a last gift equal to the first.

WE might fill pages by chronicling the ways, more or less literary, in which the Twentieth Century has been hailed and advertised. The *Times*' selections from its own back numbers extending over the nineteenth century have been very interesting. The selections include the announcement of the death of Byron. One is astonished to be reminded that the news took nearly four weeks to reach London. The announcement was made in these terms in the *Times* of May 15, 1824:

A courier arrived in town yesterday morning with the distressing intelligence of the decease of Lord Byron, at Missolonghi, on April 19, after an illness of ten days. A cold, attended with inflammation, was the cause of the fatal result. Lord Sydney Osborne's letters from Corfu are dated April 27. His Lordship was about to proceed immediately to Zante, where the body had arrived.

Lord Byron had perfectly recovered from his illness in February, which was of quite a different nature from that under which he died.

THE *Morning Post* has also searched its nineteenth-century files with interesting results. In 1800 this paper was sold for sixpence, of which sum the Government took three halfpence in stamp duty. It is impossible to read the fashion paragraphs of December 31, 1800, without recalling Lamb's essay on "Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago," and without being at the same time reminded of the personal paragraph of to-day, in which the change of tone is, after all, very slight. We read:

Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, on their return from Fonthill, alighted at the Mayor's in Salisbury, where they regaled themselves with bread and cheese and porter, in preference to more sumptuous fare.

His Majesty yesterday morning rode out on horseback, the ground being too hard for taking the diversion of hunting.

Sir Hyde Parker's honeymoon is only to last three weeks, when he must return to his command in the Channel Fleet, having left his Lady the consolation of an annuity of £2,000 in a case of an accident.

Several of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament are outbidding each other for Mrs. Jordan's late residence in Somerset-street.

Grimaldi's *Punch*, in the Pantomime at Drury Lane, can only be equalled by Byrne's elegant performance of the Gentleman of the wooden sword.

The Earl of Essex is called the Bonaparte of the Partridges in Hertfordshire this year, having made a battle of *Marengo* among them almost every day.

By the last packet which came from Lisbon we noted the seasonable arrival of Mr. Winter.

ONE of the best new-century journalistic devices has been the New York *World's* appeal to eminent men for their answer to the question: "What in your opinion is the chief danger, social and political, that confronts the coming century?" The dangers foreseen by the *World's* correspondents are dreadfully various. We select from

the list a few of those which are pointed out by literary men and women:

MR. WILLIAM WATSON.—Greed.

MR. GILBERT PARKER, M.P.—Apart from international questions incident on the extension of the Empire, to my mind the greatest danger to the welfare of the world in the coming century will be the spread and power of big monopolies and trusts.

IAN MACLAREN.—It appears to me that the great political danger in the beginning of the new century will be the collision of the Western Powers in the East, and the chief social danger will be anarchy among the masses of the people at the base of our modern society. May I add that in my opinion the safeguard against both perils is the application of the Sermon on the Mount to the life alike of nations and of individuals.

MR. MAX O'RELL.—An irresponsible and unbridled Press.

MR. ARTHUR W. PINERO.—Trades unions—the relations of workmen and employers.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.—The influence on half-educated nations of an irresponsible Press, whose first object must (with very rare exceptions) be pecuniary.

MR. ZANGWILL.—The reactionary reversion to Mediaeval ideals of militarism caste and ecclesiastical despotism ere they have been sufficiently purged by modern thought.

MISS BRADDON.—The homage paid to wealth.

DR. MAX NORDAU.—The chief danger, threatening civilisation itself, seems to me to be that infernal selfishness called by pseudo-philosophers "Individualism." In social life it leads to anarchy; in home politics to party-preying; in international politics to wars, conquests, land-grabbing; in art and literature to silly pooh-poohing of all traditions and to attitudinising. Progress is the outcome of a strong social sense. "Individualism," such as preached by the madman Nietzsche, and brought into fashion by his contemptible followers, necessarily leads to barbarism.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.—The spread of insanity.

MR. F. C. BURNAND.—Social and political practical Atheism.

OUIDA.—Tyranny: tyranny of majorities; tyranny military, medical, scientific, political.

We fancy that Mr. G. R. Sims's fear is as shrewd and well-founded as any in this list; but assuredly Mr. Watson's and Miss Braddon's less concrete forecasts are well-founded.

EVEN in these days of publicity it appears that a well-known writer may, if he pleases, journey half round the world and back, and the fact of his doing so shall justify the use of that much-abused word "transpire." In the *British Weekly*, for instance, the "Man of Kent," who is nothing if not up-to-date, says casually: "I hear that Miss Elizabeth Robins, the very clever author of *The Open Question*, has been to Klondyke, and is to write a novel about that region. Miss Robins, I am sorry to say, has not been in good health lately." Had Miss Robins been to Newlyn, the Engadine, Heligoland, or even Jerusalem, there would have been less occasion for surprise. But Klondyke is no Sabbath day's journey, and some of us would regard an expedition to its icy gold-fields as a life's adventure.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS have issued a series of souvenir post-cards in honour of Lord Roberts's home-coming which are distinctly interesting and well reproduced. If the pictorial post-card is to be done at all it could hardly be done better. We suppose that it may have some educational value for children, but, like everything else that lends itself to prettiness, there is a tendency to overdo it.

THE analytical table of books published during 1900, issued by the *Publishers' Circular*, shows a fall of 418 as compared with the previous year, and this in spite of the fact that the South African War was responsible, in six



months, for over a hundred volumes. Some classes of books have not suffered at all; in politics, travel, history and biography, medicine, art and science, there has been an increase. Fiction—poor dependent upon placid times—has suffered most. We append tabulated totals for 1900, which include new editions:

Theology, Sermons, Biblical .....	708
Educational, Classical, and Philological .....	732
Juvenile Works, Novels, Tales, and other Fiction .....	2,109
Law, Jurisprudence, &c. ....	147
Political and Social Economy, Trade, and Commerce.....	487
Arts, Science, and Illustrated Works.....	448
Voyages, Travels, Geographical Research.....	244
History, Biography, &c. ....	716
Poetry and the Drama .....	370
Year-books and Serials in Volumes .....	410
Medicine, Surgery, &c. ....	266
Belles-Lettres, Essays, Monographs, &c. ....	330
Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets, not Sermons .....	182
	7,149

THE *Daily Chronicle's* "Chronicle Office" paragraphs, which have been developed so successfully by Mr. Clarence Rook, will in future have an interesting birthday feature, worked on novel lines. Under the daily heading, "This is my Birthday" (Shakespeare), will appear the name of a remarkable man born on the day in question, together with quotations from poets and great writers, which seem to describe his qualities with unconscious felicity. Thus on January 1 Shakespeare and Pope were drawn upon for testimonies to Burke in the following manner:

"THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY."—SHAKESPEARE.

EDMUND BURKE, Jan. 1, 1730.

A very handsome man. . . .

He speaks well.—*Shakespeare.*

His voice was propertied as all the tuned spheres.

*Shakespeare.*

Lover of peace and friend of human kind.—*Pope.*

Formed to delight at once and lash the age

With native humour tempering virtuous rage.—*Pope.*

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! Of soul sincere!

In action faithful, and in honour clear!

Who broke no promise, served no private end;

Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;

Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd.—*Pope.*

It will be seen that the success of this plan depends entirely upon the skilful and penetrating choice of quotations. We understand that the scheme has been worked out by a young lady, who may be congratulated on her originality and thus far success. Particularly happy are the following lines from Dryden applied on Wednesday to General Wolfe:

And yet Dominion was not his design;

We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven;

Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,

Rewards that less to him than us were given.

THE new year and century have opened twitteringly. We are embarrassed by a number of volumes of hopeful verse, some of them mere wafers of poetry accompanied by letters beseeching our glance and approval. And on the top of all comes the promised *Thrush*, the new periodical for the sole use of poets and their readers. The *Thrush* comes in unexpected covers of brown paper, which do not give it a very gay appearance. It is also unexpectedly thin, consisting of eight pages on which are printed four poems. An imaginative sonnet by Dr. Garnett hails Shelley as an Eagle of Song, but ends rather wickedly

with a reflection on the unwisdom of printing verse. The sextet runs:

Phœbus unfold, for surely not without

Some gracious aid it pleased thee to extend

To altitude so vast could Shelley rise.

I hope so, says Apollo, but I doubt

Myself in rivalry a lay have penned,

But have not published and therein was wise.

We conceive that the object of the *Thrush* is to induce would-be rivals of Shelley to publish their secretly penned lays. Mr. Henley follows with a little poem called "The Way of It," in three stanzas, of which these are the first and last:

It came, the news, like a fire in the night,

That life and its best were done;

And there was never so dazed a wretch

In the beat of the living sun.

So I went for the news to the house of the news,

But the words were left unsaid,

For the face of the house was blank with blinds,

And I knew that she was dead.

Although we do not think that the first number of the *Thrush* will set the Castalian spring on fire, we wish it success. Any serious attempt to foster poetry, and the reading of it, is worthy to be encouraged in these days.

DR. J. A. CARLYLE's well-known translation of the *Inferno* (published 1849) has just been re-edited and carefully revised by Dr. Elsner. No alterations have been made in Carlyle's version, except where he had followed a reading now generally rejected: all such corrections are enclosed within square brackets. Mr. Paget Toynbee has done a similar service for Cary's *Inferno* (1808), and the result is that at very slight cost the Dante reader may possess himself of an authoritative text of two "classic" translations, and a thoroughly up-to-date commentary, of the first cantica. In view of this fact, and the present strength of the Dante movement, it is interesting to read Carlyle's preface to his first edition. He was told that his plan of publishing text, translations, and notes would "make a piebald, monstrous book, such as has not been seen in this country." It was due to this criticism that he tried the market with the *Inferno* only, fifty years ago.

A CORRESPONDENT suggested last week that the facsimile edition of the First Folio projected by the Clarendon Press is not called for at present, but his own letter furnished evidence that the want is real if not clamant. And now Messrs. Downey inform us that they are actively preparing a reprint of both the Folio and Quarto texts on parallel pages. The "Bankside Shakespeare," as it is called, has already been issued in America under the editorship of Mr. Appleton Morgan, and it will be issued here in twenty separate Plays at £10 10s. net. It contains the text of the earliest version of each play printed in the lifetime of Shakespeare, paralleled with the 1623 or First Folio Text, both texts being numbered line by line and collated with both the Folio and Quarto texts. The edition reproduces the antique and pedantic ornaments of the Quartos and Folios; numbers consecutively every line, whether speech, stage direction, exit or entrance; copies every typographical slip, misplaced punctuation, error in orthography, or inverted letter in both texts, and gives the precise "justification" of the lines of each version to the widths of the original pages.

APROPOS of the revival of Napoleonic research, we notice that Mr. Francis Edwards, of High-street, Marylebone, has issued a good catalogue of Napoleonic literature

from his stock. One of the most expensive items is entered as follows:

Combe (W.), *Life of Napoleon, a Hudibrastic Poem*, 30 very fine coloured plates by George Cruikshank, first edition, royal 8vo, newly bound in full polished levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Lloyd, a fine copy. 1815. £9.

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER, of Portland, Maine, sends us a parcel of booklets turned out in the appropriate manner of which he appears to have the secret. Paper, format, printing, all are excellent. *Sesame and Lilies, Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and *The Rubaiyat* are a new joy in their dainty and appropriate dress. These pretty volumes are to books what delicate biscuits are to grosser food. English publishers might learn much from Mr. Mosher, just as in some directions he might learn from them.

MR. HEINEMANN points out that the translation of d'Annunzio's *Le Vergini delle Rocce* which we attributed, in our recent article on d'Annunzio, to Miss Georgiana Harding, was the work of "Agatha Hughes"—the pseudonym of a lady writer.

## Bibliographical.

THE *Bibliography of Coleridge* which Col. Prideaux has based upon that compiled by the late Mr. R. H. Shepherd is now ready. It is a neat little pamphlet of ninety-five pages, in the familiar French-grey wrapper, and is to be obtained from Mr. Frank Hollings, of Great Turnstile, Holborn. It will be remembered that the bibliography was published originally in *Notes and Queries* during the summer of 1895. Mr. Shepherd left behind him some further notes, of which Col. Prideaux has availed himself, contributing much additional matter, and revising the whole. The bibliography is now, probably, about as comprehensive, as well as accurate, as it need be. Besides giving lists (with details) of the poet's successive publications, whether in volume or in periodical form, it has full references to collected editions of the poems, to the principal books which discuss Coleridge's career and character, and so forth. Very properly, Col. Prideaux has not attempted to record "the numerous books of an unimportant nature, or the countless magazine articles, dealing with the life and work of Coleridge, which have been published since his death." It should be noted, too, that this bibliography does not profess to cover American or Continental editions of, or books about, Coleridge. Col. Prideaux does, however, rightly give expression to the regret that "we have left it to our cousins across the sea to produce the first complete edition of a great Englishman's works in prose and verse." It is greatly to our disgrace as a nation that no complete edition of Coleridge's prose works has yet appeared in England.

For a long time there has been in circulation a story in which the actors were said to be Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam") and Lord Palmerston. The statesman was supposed to have been driving in his carriage when he overtook the Bishop, who was on foot. "Pam," we are told, put his head out of window, and said to the Divine:

"How blest is he who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk;"

to which the Bishop at once replied by continuing the stanza:

"Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits  
Where men profanely talk."

Now I see that Sir John Mowbray, in his *Seventy Years at Westminster*, after giving an account of a meeting of the

Privy Council at Windsor (in 1858), says: "Lord Derby, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sefton, and several of us walked to the station. Lord Sefton remarked to Lord Derby, 'We shall be at Paddington before my brougham will be there.' Lord Derby rejoined, 'Walk, my boy, walk; it will do you good.' On which the Chancellor [Lord Chelmsford] observed, 'No, my Lord; he will say to you:

"How blest is he who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk."

Now, did Lord Chelmsford make this jocose quotation in ignorance of having been anticipated by Palmerston, or did he plagiarise from "Pam"? There is room for a history of English anecdote, on the model of the well-known French work on French wit.

Writing last week about Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I ought not to have spoken of the lady as "Miss": she is a married lady. *Née* Wheeler, she wedded, in 1884, a Mr. Robert M. Wilcox. Her *Drops of Water* was published in New York in 1872, and there was an English edition of that volume. I derive this information from Mr. Potter Briscoe, of Nottingham, one of those public librarians who take an interest not only in books but in literature. "It is difficult," he remarks, "to decide the 'condition' of ladies unless they give the prefix 'Mrs.' or 'Miss.'" It is, indeed; and still worse is the plight of the reviewer when they do not give on their title-page any indication whatever of their sex. Take, for example, the little volume of verse just issued, entitled *Men of Men*. "C. Fox Smith" appears as the name of the author; but who is to know, save by accident, that the "C." stands for "Cicely," and that the writer is a lady not yet quite out of her teens? I think very highly of *Men of Men*, and regard it as a pity that a book so full of excellent patriotic verse should be ascribed, ignorantly, to a mere man. Miss Fox Smith, by the way, belongs to Manchester, but evidently is not a member of the "Manchester School" of politicians.

I said last week that Mrs. Edwardes's *Ought We to Visit Her?* was the only English work which Mr. W. S. Gilbert had adapted to the stage. I ought not to have said that, because I knew better. I forgot, however, for the moment, that so long ago as May, 1871, Mr. Gilbert produced at the Court Theatre, London, a dramatisation of *Great Expectations* which had sufficient vitality to allow of its being revived at another house half a dozen years later. In a little autobiography which he published in the *Theatre* magazine, Mr. Gilbert told, *à propos* of this piece, a good story against the Licensor of Plays. At one place, Magwitch, the returned convict, had to say to Pip, "Here you are, in chambers fit for a Lord." When the MS. came back from the Censor, the word "Lord" was found to be struck out and the word "Heaven" substituted. Thus carefully and intelligently did the Licensor of that day remove from our drama all suspicion of irreverence.

I see it stated that there is to be a new edition of *The Silver Domino*, "brought down to date"—presumably by the surviving author of the engaging work. The *Domino* made its first appearance in October, 1892, and seems to have been reprinted in the following month, as well as in March, 1893. It remains to be seen whether it will be greatly in demand in 1901. There was not much vitality in these "Side Whispers, Social and Literary"—the echoes of them quickly died away.

We are promised a new edition of *John Wesley's Journal*, for which, I should say, there is room, though, of course, it has always been freely utilised by Wesley's numerous biographers. It was avowedly the basis of the volume (published just ten years ago) called *Wesley his Own Biographer*. I may note here that *The Bibliography of John and Charles Wesley*, by R. Green, brought out in November, 1896, appeared in a second edition in March, 1899.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Science, Sociology, and Spiritualism.

*Studies: Scientific and Social.* By Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace. 2 Vols. (Macmillan.)

If the greatness of a man can be estimated by the extent of the influence he exerts in his day and generation, then Dr. Russel Wallace may claim a place in the first rank of men of light and leading. In the world of science he is regarded as one of the greatest naturalists of the century just closed; among social reformers his writings are accepted as those of a master; and he is a tower of strength to the Spiritualists, to be exhibited when occasion requires as proof that belief in the existence of immaterial things is not incompatible with profound scientific knowledge. All these aspects of Dr. Wallace's character are presented to us by the essays reprinted in the two volumes under notice. We see him as a naturalist explaining the effects of forces acting within and without the earth's crust in moulding the land surface and making the ocean bed, describing the distribution of plants and animals over the world and the conditions which determine it, expounding the principles and perplexities of the theory of evolution in nature, and throwing new light upon the divisions of the races of men. His political expressions are shown to us in papers on the depression of trade, the House of Lords, and the Disestablishment of the Church; and his Socialistic views are reflected by essays on the nationalisation of the land, justice, human progress, and poverty. A man so wide in his sympathies needs not one reviewer but many, and, in the absence of this, only the conspicuous lines of his character can be sketched.

Darwin, Wallace, and Huxley are the names of the triumvirate which founded and established the theory of evolution by natural selection, and it is a remarkable fact that the casts of their minds show the influence of the environment in moulding mental characteristics. Darwin, in his five years' voyage with the *Beagle*, Wallace isolated in the Tropics, and Huxley in the *Rattlesnake*, were all so situated that they were continually being furnished with new facts while in a state of intellectual solitude. Such conditions favour the development of an introspective frame of mind, of reliance upon personal observation, and originality of thought. When, in 1858, Wallace hit upon the idea that natural selection is the process by which new species are introduced and varieties departing indefinitely from original types are evolved, he was shivering under a cold fit of ague at Ternate, in the Moluccas. In a general way, he knew that Darwin was engaged in the study of variation, but when he sent his paper to the Linnean Society the clue to the origin of species had not been published, and it was not till later he learned that his conclusions were the same as those arrived at by another. The idea of evolution is, of course, as old as the Greeks, but it was Darwin and Wallace who raised it from the philosophic stage to the level of a working hypothesis.

The enunciation of a theory is, after all, only a small matter in comparison with the enucleation, and for this a discerning mind is essential. Not only must the way be pointed out, but the causes which have determined the course followed must be understood. In respect of this quality of insight into the workings of nature, Dr. Wallace is distinguished among naturalists. Whether replying to critics of natural selection—and the objections do not now come so much from the Church party as from naturalists themselves—or dealing with the distribution of organic life, or meeting attacks upon the views he champions as to the permanence of oceanic basins and the excavation of the beds of many lakes by ice action, he is always convincing in his arguments. He seems to know nature so intimately that he is able to explain her operations in a manner which carries the conviction of truth with it. Like Sentimental Tommy, he can always be depended upon

to "find a wi" in any difficulty, and by exercising this faculty he has led natural selection out of many tight places.

From the numerous interesting papers in the two volumes two or three appeal to us for special mention. Among the most important in a scientific sense are those dealing with the method of organic evolution, and the much-debated subject of the inheritance of acquired characters. At first sight, it would seem that the theory of evolution must depend upon the transmission of acquired characteristics from one generation to another; but this is by no means the case, and the balance of evidence is certainly against such an assumption. Whether muscles or mental faculties are considered, there is no proof that strength and skill due to long-continued exercise are passed on to children. With but few exceptions, men of genius start up suddenly, and though their offspring or their descendants may be great, they rarely equal their parents. All arguments which can be adduced in support of the inheritance of acquired characters break down on examination, while, on the other hand, there is a mass of evidence that a wide range of modifications of structure can be accounted for by variation and natural selection. This is Dr. Wallace's position, and most students of natural history agree with him.

Of late years the Darwinian view, that modifications of species have been produced by the gradual accumulation of innumerable slight variations, each good for the original possessor, has been attacked, especially in America; and serious endeavours have been made to show that modifications are produced capriciously by monstrosities or sports of nature. Against this view, which Dr. Wallace strenuously opposes, may be urged the facts derived by actual measurements of various parts of numerous specimens of one kind of animal—such, for instance, as crabs—living under the same conditions. Measurements made by Prof. Weldon show that variations from the average are comparatively large, and that it extends to every part of the structure of the animal and to every external and internal organ. Natural selection—that is, the survival of the fittest among the individual variations annually produced—seems, indeed, to be all-sufficient to account for organic evolution.

Students of the science of language will find an essay on the expressiveness of speech suggestive in places, even though they do not agree with the conclusions. The argument, illustrated by numerous examples, is, that as many words are truly expressive of the meaning attached to them, they may form a clue to the origin of speech. For instance, in the word *whistle* we have a near approach to the action of whistling; in *squall*, *screech*, and *yell* we have a fair imitation of cries due to sudden pain and anger; and in *wail*, *groan*, and *sob* we have the more subdued indications of grief. Many similar words are shown to convey by their sounds the sentiments they express, but perhaps the best examples are from descriptive poetry, as in the lines:

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Max Müller treated this theory of the origin of language with disdain, but Dr. Wallace shows that much can be said for the view that speech has been evolved from the emotional cries of animals and the mouth-gestures of savage ancestors.

Little space has been left to mention Dr. Wallace's essays on Sociology and Spiritualism, but there are a few points to which we must refer. The nationalisation of the land is prescribed as the panacea for all social evils, and Spiritualism is preached as a means of moral salvation. The essential condition of a real social advance is said to be equality of opportunity, which is defined as "absolute fair play as between man and man in the struggle for existence. It means that all shall have the best education

they are capable of receiving; that their faculties shall all be well trained, and their whole nature obtain the fullest moral, intellectual, and physical development." So far as education is concerned, it may almost be said that equality of opportunity exists at present, for it is possible for any boy with brains and aptitude for work to climb the educational ladder from the Board School to the University. But Dr. Wallace makes the phrase mean that surplus wealth shall be claimed by society, in order to secure similar advantages to all; for he holds that the transmission of wealth is as opposed to natural laws as the transmission of culture. To our thinking, however, the principle is unsound, because *inequality* of opportunity is one of the most powerful factors of human progress. People who have opportunities do not recognise them, and those who have not make them if they possess sufficient strength of mind. In fact, it almost seems that the best way to produce really great men is to discourage them in their early days and so bring out power of overcoming difficulties. Remove all obstacles and incentive to competition and you replace evolution by devolution.

Spiritualism is only touched in a few pages of the volumes, but sufficient is said to make a scientific mind wonder at the miracles which faith can accomplish. As with religious belief, so with Spiritualism—it is a matter of personal conviction, and some of us are so constituted that we should distrust the evidence of our senses, and criticise the desires of our sentiments in either matter. Blessed are they to whom a less sceptical frame of mind has been given.

### In the Wake of the War.

*Campaign Pictures of the War in South Africa.* By A. G. Hales. (Cassell. 6s.)

*With Seven Generals in the Boer War.* By Major A. W. A. Pollock. (Skeffington. 6s.)

*In the Ranks of the C.I.V.* By Erskine Childers. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

*One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V.* By J. Barclay Lloyd. (Methuen. 6s.)

*Shadows of the War.* By Mrs. Bagot. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

*The "Times" History of the War in South Africa.* Vol. I. (Sampson, Low.)

It is significant of the duration of the war in South Africa, and of the length of its literary baggage train, that in the first week of the New Year we find five war books still claiming our attention. With these we shall deal as briefly as possible. Mr. Hales has been the most abused of the war correspondents in South Africa. His outspokenness about the conduct of the war has apparently angered people who were prepared to be outspoken only in alternate weeks, or when defeat was in the air. Mr. Hales has been outspoken all the time, and has, therefore, been berated. At the same time, he has given handles to his critics. Diffuse, sentimental, and wordy, his dispatches have wanted the tone which would have recommended their burden of protest and accusation. These faults mar nearly every page of his book. We have disquisitions in the vein of the amateur essay, and few descriptions are not spoiled by attempts to write finely or to write loudly. In short, Mr. Hales tires out the language and his readers together. A cold, tight style, woven of fact and brief comment, would have done Mr. Hales's business; but there is a deal too much of this sort of thing: "Oh, England, England, if I had a voice whose clarion tones could reach your ears and stir your hearts in every city and town, village and hamlet, wayside cot and stately castle, in all your sea-encircled isle, I would cry to you to guard your coasts." For a page and a half we are implored to listen—"for fools have laughed before to-day whilst kingdoms have tottered to

their fall," &c., &c.—before we are brought to the point, the inadequate victualling of Sir Leslie Rundle's force.

Into the justice of his well-known criticisms of the conduct of the war we are powerless to inquire. Mr. Hales may have the case he thinks he has; but, if so, he states it wildly, and, striving to impress us, leaves us cold and doubtful. After asking at the top of his voice, and at great length, why hundreds of "strong young soldiers of our Queen" died in South Africa, he answers as follows:

I will tell you why they died, and tell you in language so plain that a wayfaring man, even though a fool, cannot misunderstand me, for the time has arrived when the whole Empire should know the truth in all its native hideousness. Those men were done to death by wanton carelessness upon the part of men sent out by the British War Office. They were done to death through criminal neglect of the most simple laws of sanitation. Men were huddled together in camp after camp; they were allowed to turn the surrounding veldt and adjacent kopjes into cesspools and excreta camps. In some camps no latrines were dug, no supervision was exercised. The so-called Medical Staff looked on, and puffed their cigarettes and talked under their eye-glasses—the fools, the idle, empty-headed noodles. And whilst they smoked and talked twaddle, the grim, gaunt Shadow of Death chuckled in the watches of the night, thinking of the harvest that was to follow.

All of which may have a serious basis in fact. It is the unhappy truth that in the healthiest country in the world our troops have died from disease in appalling numbers; and it is the fact that the nation is so far dissatisfied about the causes of this mortality that a special inquiry has been ordered. It is possible that the result of that inquiry will show that Mr. Hales has accurately and courageously reported cruel evils; but it will never show that he reported them in a convincing or dignified manner.

Very different is the plain soldierly narrative of Major A. W. A. Pollock, who raced about South Africa in the interests of the *Times*. His narrative covers the period between October 14, 1899, and July 20, 1900, and begins with his voyage to the Cape in the *Dunottar Castle* with Sir Redvers Buller, and his return in the same ship, and in the same cabin, nine months later. There is little more to be said of Major Pollock's narrative than that it includes experiences under Gatacre, Clements, Roberts, Methuen, Mahon, Baden-Powell, and Hunter, and that it is written with knowledge and without vagaries of style or opinion. Major Pollock is a good sportsman and trencherman, and he does not disdain to give the results of the finals in the Third Division Boxing Tournament at Sterkstroom, or to reproduce the *menus* of dinners given at Mafeking by the war correspondents to Major-General Baden-Powell and Brigadier-General Mahon.

The exploits of the City Imperial Volunteers were certain to find chroniclers in the ranks of that body; but the cheery, wholesome, and boyishly happy story told by Mr. Erskine Childers is a better outcome than we had a right to demand. Mr. Childers, who is a clerk in the House of Commons, found himself transferred from frock-coat officialdom and social ease to the hard and unsavoury work which "stables" imposes on an artillery driver between the decks of a troopship. He was constantly with the horses, leading them round the stable-deck for exercise, or cleaning out the stalls. All was routine, hard work, and health. Thenceforward, through all the roughnesses of the campaign, Driver Childers preserved his cheery interest in himself and his surroundings, writing up his diary in every conceivable situation, and once, at least, while in action with his gun. Mr. Childers is great on bivouacs, victuals, and smokes. Here is a good picture:

We ate our tea sitting on rocks overlooking the valley, and at dark a marvellous spectacle began for our entertainment, a sight which Crystal Palace-goers would give



half-a-crown for a front place to see. As I have said, all day long there are casual veldt-fires springing up in this country. Just now two or three began down in the valley, tracing fine golden lines in spirals and circles. The grass is short, so that there is no blaze, but the effect is that of some great unseen hand writing cabalistic sentences (perhaps the "Mene, Mene" of De Wet!) with a pen dipped in fire. This night there was scarcely a breath of wind to determine the track of the fires, or quicken their speed, and they wound and intersected at their own caprice, describing fantastic arcs and curves from which one could imagine pictures and letters.

Even campaigning may have its literary side. During a short sojourn in a convalescent camp near Pretoria Mr. Childers entered in his diary:

I have literary arguments with a field-battery bombardier. We both rather pity one another, for he can't appreciate Thackeray and I can't understand Marie Corelli, whose works, with their deep spiritual meaning, he speaks of reverently. He hopes to educate me up to *Ardath*, and I have offered him the reversion of *Esmond* which I bought yesterday.

Mr. Childers carries his narrative right up to the day when Londoners hung out their banners and risked their limbs to welcome the C.I.V., and congratulates himself on the liberal education which he received in his year's campaigning. "It is something, bred up as we have been in a complex civilisation, to have reduced living to its simplest terms and to have realised how little one really wants."

Mr. J. Barclay Lloyd's narrative is concerned with the Infantry Battalion of the C.I.V.s, and particularly with its cyclist section, in which he was a Lance-Corporal; in fact, the best thing in the book is a stirring account of a "Cyclist's Despatch Ride." Mr. Barclay tells a plain, unpolished story, which his comrades and their near and remote friends will value. A very practical suggestion made by Mr. Barclay is this: "Of all moneys collected for supplying the deficiencies of the Commissariat Department . . . let one half at least be set aside for conveying the articles purchased by the other half to those for whom those articles are destined." That is the only way, he assures us, to secure the actual arrival of presents to troops.

A narrative of special limitations and interests is Mrs. Bagot's account of the work done by the Portland Hospital, of which she was the originator. The marrow of the book lies in its sick-bed stories, which Mrs. Bagot, both as an unofficial observer and as a nurse, was able to pick up. Her account of the Field Hospitals at Bloemfontein is sore reading, but it does not suggest that the best was not done that could be done. That plague of flies in the fever tents is no invention. "You could tell exactly how ill a patient was by the amount of flies on his face. If he was really bad, his face was nearly covered with them. . . . Little could be done to get rid of them; but bathing the face with scent and water, and quickly covering up again with the netting, soothed and comforted the patient for the time." Mrs. Bagot's powers of writing are hardly equal to her opportunities. A more practised writer would have described Mr. Kipling's visit to Modder Camp with greater effect. Mrs. Bagot's narrative lacks drama and telling detail; but it is quite readable.

The "Times" *History of the War in South Africa* is by far the most serious attempt yet made to tell the whole story, political and military, of the conflict in South Africa. It is the joint production of the special correspondents of the *Times* in South Africa, and of specialists at home, the whole being edited by Mr. L. S. Amery. With becoming leisure the first volume brings us only so far as the Boer ultimatum. Two chapters detailing the grievances and struggles of the Uitlanders have been written mainly by Miss Flora Shaw, and Mr. W. F. Monypenny has described the movement in Johannesburg which led to Imperial

intervention. Mr. Amery's list of book authorities is long and impressive, and it includes one more warm tribute to the value of Mr. Fitzpatrick's wonderfully timely and trustworthy work, *The Transvaal from Within*. The illustrations to the volume consist chiefly of portraits, reproduced, with complete success, by the Rembrandt intaglio process. Oddly enough, Mr. Kruger's thumbless right hand, correctly pictured in the portrait of 1867, is provided with a thumb in a portrait group of 1899, but examination shows that the apparent inconsistency is due to a reversal of right and left in the second picture as reproduced.

### The Landscapes of Bunyan.

*Bunyan's Country: Studies in the Bedfordshire Topography of the Pilgrim's Progress.* By Albert J. Foster. With Illustrations by the Author. (Virtue. 6s.)

THE greatness and renown of some books have a virtue to defend almost any sane commentator upon them against the charge of being unnecessary. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is one of those few books. Here is a whole volume of nearly two hundred pages written, illustrated, and published to show that Bunyan *might* have had such and such Bedfordshire scenes in his mind when he wrote the first part of his "immortal allegory." If Mr. Foster had devoted his lettered leisure to similar labours round about an author less firmly established in our reverence, the result would rightly have been called futile and unworthy. As it is, we read his simple and unpretentious chapters with a genuine, if mild, interest. Conjecture has flourished luxuriantly round the circumstantial origins and formative causes of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Dr. John Brown, in a masterly piece of constructive criticism, has raised conjecture to the height of scientific demonstration. Others, in a vein of wilful particularity, have seemed to trace the entire *Progress* to Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, to the chap-books of the period, and to other exclusive sources, regardless of Bunyan's appeal:

*Take heed also, that thou be not extream,  
In playing with the out-side of my Dream.*

But no commentator within our knowledge has treated the landscape side of Bunyan with anything like the fulness and ingenuity of Mr. Foster's book. That Mr. Foster should sometimes carry conjecture to the frontier of absurdity was perhaps inevitable, so dangerous is that enticing game:

It will be remembered that at the end of the valley the Pilgrim found the cave where dwelt the "two giants, Pope and Pagan." There are, we believe, no caves actually in the valley, but they abound in the sandstone, all around, and Bunyan could easily locate one where he wished to find it.

Just so; but why will Messieurs the conjecturers put themselves to the trouble of writing down this sort of thing? It must be said for Mr. Foster, however, that he never confuses conjecture with ascertained fact, in the manner of his Shakesperian fellows; and some of his identifications — the House Beautiful, the Slough of Despond, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and "the door on the side of the hill," are decidedly neat and persuasive. Mr. Foster, by a series of skilful and minute arguments, connects The House Beautiful with Houghton House, that superb mansion built by Inigo Jones (?) for the Countess of Pembroke. As a final touch he refers to the following passage:

They desired him to stay till the next day also, and then said they, we will, (if the day be clear,) show you the delectable mountains, which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort. . . . So he consented and staid. When the morning was up they had him to the top of the

House, and bid him look South, so he did; and behold at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country . . . .

—and points out that it is precisely from the ridge in a direct line with the ruins of Houghton House that a fine view of the Chilterns is to be obtained. The extraordinary and delightful *naïveté* of imagination which enabled Bunyan, with perfect naturalness, to invest common and everyday objects with a remote and magical charm is well shown in his sublimely audacious metamorphosis of the Chilterns—the bare Chilterns only a few miles away, and surely one of the least distinguished ranges in the wide world!—into the *Delectable Mountains* near to the Celestial City. Another beautifully quaint instance is that of the Lions (“These Beasts range in the night for their prey”), encountered in the narrow passage before the Porter’s Lodge:

Looking very narrowly before him as he went he espied two Lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that *Mistrust* and *Timorous* were driven back by. (The Lions were chained but he saw not the Chains.) Then he was afraid . . . . But the Porter at the Lodge, whose name is *Watchful*, perceiving that *Christian* made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him saying, Is thy strength so small? fear not the Lions, for they are chained.

And then:

So *Watchful* the Porter rang a Bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the House, a grave and beautiful Damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

Can you not hear Lady Pembroke’s porter reassuring our visitor against the chained watch-dogs, and see the trim figure of Lady Pembroke’s wench, as with a coy curiosity she answers the bell?

Mr. Foster will not pin himself to any actual Valley of Humiliation, but he is fairly sure that the Valley of the Shadow of Death was located “in the pretty gorge in which stands the village of Millbrook.” (By the way, as Millbrook is only some half-dozen miles from Mr. Foster’s own parish, there is a wise discretion in his remark: “We hope that we have given no offence to Millbrook people!”) He clinches some rather clever arguments by quoting the present notice of the Bedfordshire County Council to the effect that they will not be answerable for any damage which may arise should a heavy vehicle approach too near the morass on the outward boundary of the road. Mr. Foster “would not for a moment suggest” that there is anything in Millbrook to answer to Bunyan’s description of the “mouth of hell”—except the village smithy! Surely Bunyan derived his “mouth of hell” from the same source as his “door on the side of the hill”—namely, the now disused horizontal shafts of the quarries at Totternhoe—those quarries which helped to build the Abbey Church of St. Albans, and which to-day combine with the Dunstable branch of the London and North Western Railway smokily to deface the first ridges of the *Delectable Mountains*.

The author’s illustrations are scarcely as satisfying as his “scripture,” but the book as a whole will pass, in its modesty and ingenuity. If it should reach a second edition, Mr. Foster would be well advised either to alter the concluding pages or to eliminate the half-hearted assurance that he has no intention of identifying the Celestial City with—Bedford, seeing that his desire to do so is apparent despite the disclaimer. He might also omit the two-page description of the midnight bicycle-supper in the ruins of Houghton House: interesting, doubtless, as a personal reminiscence, it has no connexion whatever with Bunyan. By the way, the inclusion of the word Bedfordshire in the sub-title of the book is discreet, as this is not the only county which may colourably aspire to topographical connexion with the *Progress*. Surrey, too, makes claims which have been worked out in some detail.

## Parody without Risibility.

*Studies in Style.* By W. H. Helm. (Heinemann. 5s.)

WE were never more convinced of fun in the equipment of the parodist than in laying aside Mr. Helm’s ingenious excursions into criticism of ridicule. Without fun, a parody, be it ever so skilful and penetrating, is a corpse: it has no life.

This little book of Mr. Helm’s has no life. It is full of clever things; close observation, neat burlesque, the *reductio ad absurdum* of a number of the mannerisms of the day; but never for a moment does it thrust its fingers into one’s sides or screw its features into the irresistible invitation to the laugh. One never more than smiles, which, in parody, is not enough. Mr. Helm lacks also another of the precious gifts—though not so imperative a gift as fun—of the parodist: he has no pleasant malice; he soberly disapproves, and writes his satirical imitation as a vent to his feelings. The best parodies do not proceed from a critical but a mischievous impulse.

But in one instance Mr. Helm achieves a distinct comic effect. His treatment of Zola’s *Fécondité* is most admirable, with a certain suggestion of imagination that we miss from his other efforts. It runs thus:

### ROTUNDITY.

BOOK XV., CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

AND still the years revolved. And William was now a hundred and twenty, and Mary a hundred and seventeen. It was another marvellous dawn in summer-time, and as William rolled out of bed and rolled himself in his dressing-gown, the round-faced clock of the neighbouring farm rolled out the hour of five. The servants of the farm were commencing their diurnal rounds. Through the open window of the bedroom the vast and rolling plains could be seen extended as far as the eye could roll. The cattle were rolling on the greensward, and, from the far distance, the powerful noise and the odours of the great city rolled through the stirring air. Rotundity was everywhere; in the shape of William’s head and the pupils and irises of his eyes, in the figure of Mary, and in her round abuse of the old husband for disturbing her round of sleep before the hour of the morning roll came round; it was present in the wheels of the farm carts, in the grindstones of the old mill on the river a mile away, in the pumpkins that were swelling in the fields, in the apples upon the trees, and in the barrels of cider that lay in the big round barn. The last of the stars, round also, paled before the rotund orb of day, lighting up once more the vast globe of the earth, trembling in its rolling shiver of rotundity. The very seeds of the trees were round; the boles of the vast oaks, planted twenty years before by William himself, were round also. William came round the bed and kissed his friend and wife of so many rolling years. It was the rounding off of their lives, the happiness sprung from the assurance that their own faith in rotundity had triumphed over the selfish creed of those who preferred flatness and squareness to bulk and globularity. And the divine dream, the Utopian belief in roundness, flew to the circular dome of the sky, over-spreading the nation founded on rotundity, making the huge ball of the world one rounded city uniquely endowed with the circles of hope and peace and prosperity. Ah! that the eternal globosity might revolve for ever, carrying the ball of human progress beyond the furthest frontiers of a civilisation that should be expanded for ever into an ever-extending, ever-rolling sphere of unimaginable rotundity.

(To be continued.)

That is good, yet one dash of irresistible fun would have made it still better.



## A Book of Mark.

*Deirdre Wed, and Other Poems.* By Herbert Trench.  
(Methuen. 5s.)

MR. TRENCH is a poet of very exceptional technical accomplishment. His diction is strikingly rich and classical, he has a stately metrical sense, with a bold tendency to innovation, the success of which seems to us dubious; but it would be rash to pronounce without more slow and deliberate consideration than can be given without frequent and gradual re-readings. He has a fertile fancy and much promise of imagination. But he is not content simply to toy with fancy, like Shelley in his "Cloud" and "Skylark." He constantly proclaims himself a meditative poet, rouses the expectations, and (therefore) claims to be judged by the standards of a meditative poet. We are driven to look for thought and substance in his work. Yet, unfortunately, we are disappointed. Again and again we yield to the awakened expectation of some grave significance; and, asking ourselves at the end "What does it mean?" we are forced to confess "Nothing," or at least but little, nothing compared to the promise of the fine utterance, the grave and impressive manner. This is perhaps one of the most satisfying of the shorter poems, and at least illustrates Mr. Trench's classic manner; but it cannot be said that the net meaning is either deep or original.

## COME, LET US MAKE LOVE DEATHLESS.

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,  
Seeing that our footing on the earth is brief—  
Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die,  
Mocking at all that passes their belief.  
For standard of our love not theirs we take:  
If we go hence to-day,  
Fill the high cup that is so soon to break  
With richer wine than they!  
Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be,  
Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,  
I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee  
Nor sully the sad splendour that we wear.  
Great be the love, if with the lover dies  
Our greatness: past recall,  
And nobler for the fading of those eyes  
The world seen once for all.

The poet seems to have little more to offer or tell us than the multitude he scorns, "mocking at all that passes their belief." He does not mock, and there seems the end of the distinction.

In the long poem, "Deirdre Wed," he has the advantage of set subject-matter, and therefore it is more satisfactory. It is full of rich descriptive fancy, unmistakable work of a poet. But human passion, warmth of the heart, or underlying significant purpose of any mark, it has not. It becomes languid, despite its qualities, by the monotony of description long drawn out, the absence of flesh and blood. Nor does it redeem itself, as it might have done in the hands of Shelley or Keats, by ethereal splendour or blood-redness of imagery. Keats would have given it sensuous passion, Shelley ærial magic. In Mr. Trench's hands it falls between the two. Yet Mr. Trench has considerable gift of imagery, only it is not of the opulent or burningly beautiful degree to carry off the lack of warm-blooded human interest. Nor has he the vaporous atmosphere of fairyland which largely compensates like deficiency in Mr. Yeats's *Wanderings of Ushen*, to which the choice of an Irish legend naturally directs the reader's recollection. Yet it is a poem of individuality, which no one can read without feeling that Mr. Trench has a claim to be heard. The volume hardly satisfies us. Yet there is evidence in it which, none the less, creates a strong impression that Mr. Trench has a future before him. His time will come with the knowledge and clear-sightedness that life holds in trust for maturity, and doles out with

a parsimonious hand. For it seems clear to us that Mr. Trench is sealed for an intellectual poet, and as yet is searching his predestined path. This is, for all we have said, a book of mark.

## An Exalted Lover.

*Later Love—Letters of a Musician.* By Myrtle Reed.  
(Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

THE gentleman who calls himself Myrtle Reed (which by a vague association of ideas suggests tobacco, but may, after all, not be a pseudonym), author of *Love-Letters of a Musician*, presents us in this new volume with melodious meditations on things in general from the view-point, as he would say, of an adoring spouse. These are introduced by phrases from Schumann, Wagner, or Tchaikowsky, and furthermore labelled with directions for an imaginary conductor—*allegro vivace*, *andante appassionata*, *murmurando*, *scherzando*, and the like. How far these means of creating an atmosphere are legitimate may be doubtful. At any rate, the present critic has coldly set himself to regard the *Letters* from the standpoint of one who lives in a world in which silence is better than sound of any sort. So judged, they are found to be full of pretty thoughts expressed in terms of incredible stiffness and—not to put too fine a point upon it—affectation. We are slow to blame any writer for diligence in the choice of his words, and careful attention to the knitting of his sentences. In a slipshod age that would be a dismal thing to do. But, unhappily, ill-success is more disastrous in its effect than frank happy-go-lucky negligence; just as an ill-tuned instrument gives out music more tiring than noise. The Musician is better in his descriptions of nature than in his expressions of emotion, and we quote him here at his very best, though the first line contains a phrase which (only that you can produce authority for anything) one would declare to be not English.

(Tap-tap-tap—*allegro vivace*, gentlemen):

There are few birds left, aside from the sparrows. For many a week the tide of travel has been southward—I have not seen one journeying towards the north.

Long ago the orioles cleft their golden path through summer clouds. Thrush and robin have gone to make music upon the upland ways of southern streams. The meadow-lark will rest in strange fields and repeat his plaintive minor cadence which has in its inmost depths the sound of tears.

The bluebird's wings will flash against the silver noon-day, the bobolink will chant his mellow notes upon the far-off plains, and blackbirds and swallows will hover over distant waterways, and stretch silhouettes of flight upon the sunset sky.

A bird is joy incarnate. The red wine of life runs in exultant course through every vein, and there is gladness in every quiver of his ecstatic wings . . .

Even after dark some little voice is heard. Drowsy, half-whispered chirps penetrate the twilight stillness, and in the night soft wing-beats and hushed fluttering foretell the rapturous freedom at dawn. . . .

All the pent-up sweetness of the summer is hidden in the little throat—the rush of water and the drip of rain, the scent of shorn fields and the hum of bees through the clover; the soft stir of shining leaves and the luminous, fragrant nights.

This is very pleasant; and the rest of the letter, describing wild geese and the seagulls rejoicing in the first cold; and all the feathered folk listening, heads on one side, for the mysterious notes that summon them irresistibly as the notes of the Pied Piper to make their mysterious departure, is pleasant too. But the letter ends: "Ah, Sweetheart! You are my South-land and my summer, and all the beauty in my world." Well, let us hope the lady liked it.

## Other New Books.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD.

BY ANTHONY C. DEANE.

Mr. Deane has a fluent gift of light versification and a sufficient satirical bent to give his lines a savour; but we cannot pretend that this book has any real reason for being. It was distinctly pleasant journalism; it is a very mild addition to the shelf. Mr. Deane, unfortunately, has no individuality: his point of view is precisely that of most writers of light verse in University periodicals and periodicals that are published in London; he wants either more fun or more scorn—more scorn for choice. Thus amended he might be a distinct voice, instead of an echo, very distant, of Mr. Seaman. This book contains all the inevitable things—the parodies of Mr. Kipling and Omar Khayyam; the comic “sell” poem, with the name of Jones in it; the precise colloquial mannerisms invented by Calverley, as:

Others would moan, would cry “Alas”!  
I, you observe, do not;

the acidulated references to the Laureate. It is the typical affair throughout, and harmless and well-intentioned as it is, it has aroused in us a feeling of intense weariness. Now and then, as when Mr. Deane pours ridicule on the poetry of Mr. Yeats, we are more than weary. A man who would travesty the delicate genius of that poet must give us something better than this:

And oh, the smile of the Slave as he shakes his fetters!  
And oh, the Purple Pig as it roams afar!  
And oh, the—something or other in capital letters—  
As it yields to the magic spell of a wind-swept star.

We have no objection to parodies of Mr. Yeats if they are witty and thoughtful; but this is mere inept surface-treatment. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

LIFE AND SPORT ON THE  
PACIFIC SLOPE.

BY HORACE A. VACHELL.

Mr. Vachell has lived and done business for seventeen years in California, and, knowing its past and present, he believes in its future. “The land of to-morrow” he calls it in this book of miscellaneous candid impressions, which we can recommend to all who desire to taste California before trying it. The “Men of the West,” the “Women of the West,” and the “Children of the West” successively engage Mr. Vachell’s pen. Some of his stories are distinctly amusing. The slick assumption of culture in this land of hope and hurry is well illustrated in the story of a State senator’s maiden speech. Mr. Vachell asked him how he had fared at Sacramento:

“First-rate,” he replied, taking hold of the lapel of my coat; “yes, first-rate. I was really scared out of my wits, but I didn’t wilt. And I rehearsed carefully my own little song and dance. You read my maiden speech? Yes; good, eh? My boy, I practised it in front of my mirror. Yes, I did! And I gave ‘em a little of everything; a dash of Mill; a teaspoonful of Spencer, Shakespeare, the Bible; and a line from ‘The Mikado.’ It was great, great! It hit ‘em all. I tell you—don’t give me away—that the Western orator’s *vade mecum*, his staff, his shield, his cruse of oil is—a dictionary of quotations.”

The notion of California as a country beset with desperadoes is, of course, dissipated by Mr. Vachell, who, however, can recall much queer morality that obtained twenty years ago. To-day the cowboys are picturesque, noisy, and thriftless, but they do not shoot at sight.

Drunk, they are dangerous; sober, most capital fellows: cheery, kindly, without fear, hard as nails, and generous to a fault. From such men Roosevelt recruited his famous rough riders, and they make the finest irregular cavalry in the world; but they are, and always will be, Ishmaelites. They are profoundly ignorant of everything outside their own calling, and always laugh disdainfully at a tenderfoot’s blunders. It is best to laugh with them, but sometimes the tables are turned. I know a man,

now famous, who once silenced a camp full of cowboys. He had made some trivial blunder—I forget what—which provoked the jeers of the “boys.” “My God!” he exclaimed, “is it possible that you fellows, born and bred in this cow county, laugh at me? Look here, I have been twice round the world; I speak half-a-dozen languages; I have lived—lived, mark you—in thirty States of your Union; I have met your famous men, and you, you dare to laugh at me because I do not know the one little thing which you know. Well, laugh away, boys. What I don’t know about cow-punching is worth a laugh, but what you don’t know about everything else in the world is enough to make a man cry.”

Mr. Vachell’s pages about bear, wapiti, and goat shooting, small game shooting, and sea-fishing are excellent as far as they go. But he is nothing if not various, and he throws a good many severe judgments into a chapter headed “Ethical.” Fraud and jobbery, vulgar display, the sharpening instinct, political bribery, and an “almost universal desire to live intensely rather than peacefully and comfortably” are among the less admirable traits of a people in whom, with all these faults, Mr. Vachell thoroughly believes. His book is a vivacious, free-and-easy statement of what the West is, rather than of what it ought to be; and as such it is welcome. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

LOGS OF THE GREAT SEA

FIGHTS. VOL. II.

ED. BY T. STURGES JACKSON.

The Navy Records Society is doing a useful, and not less picturesque than useful, work in routing up and printing all kinds of obscure yet illuminative naval records of the past. This second volume of *Logs*, edited by Mr. T. Sturges Jackson, naturally resembles its predecessor, in which we found endless detail that lends life and individuality to the great naval battles fought by England with her wooden ships. Here we have the logs of some of the ships engaged in the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; and the quality of these events is felt in a hundred phrases. Says Lieut. George L. Browne of the *Victory* to his parents, in a letter on the arrival of the ship at Spithead: “We have brought the remains of our deceased chief home in a butt of rum. I suppose he will be sent on shore with the honours of war, and there will be an end to all his greatness.” An anecdote quaint and characteristic of the time occurs in a letter written by Captain Morrison of the *Revenge*, after Trafalgar:

I must tell you an anecdote of a Frenchwoman. The *Pickle* schooner sent to me about fifty people saved from the *Achille*, which was burnt and blew up. Amongst them was a young Frenchwoman of about twenty-five, the wife of one of the main topmen. When the *Achille* was burning, she got out of the gunroom port and sat on the rudder-chains till some melted lead ran down upon her and forced her to strip and leap off. She swam to a spar where several men were, but one of them bit and kicked her till she was obliged to quit and get to another which supported her. She was taken up by the *Pickle* and sent on board the *Revenge*, and amongst the men she was lucky enough to find her husband. We were not wanting in civility to the lady. I ordered her two purser’s shirts to make a petticoat; and most of the officers found something to clothe her. In a few hours Jeanette was perfectly happy and hard at work on her petticoat.

Thus did domesticity thrive amid blood and smoke and the yawning deep on Nelson’s death day. This is the twentieth volume issued by the Society, and we observe with pleasure that new volumes are in preparation. (Naval Records Society. 10s. 6d.)

“THE SHOP.”

BY CAPTAIN F. G. GUGGISBERG, R.E.

Though primarily intended for the past and present cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, Captain Guggisberg’s book will interest the outsider who is in any way in touch with military matters. It will be news to



most people that the R.M.A. was founded in 1741 by George II. on the recommendation of John, Duke of Montagu, who was then Master of the Horse, and the work of the school was actually started before the end of the year. The course in 1741 is fully set forth in "The Directions for Teaching the Theory and Practice," and originally not only the cadets, but also the "practitioner engineers, officers, and non-commissioned officers" had to attend the lectures when not on duty. We have an account of the working of the Academy and of the status of the gentlemen cadets by one who was a cadet gunner in 1744, so the early history of the school is well accounted for. Those who wish to know how it prospered in the eighteenth century, during the great war with France, and through the nineteenth century to our own day, must be referred to Captain Guggisberg's fascinating pages, where they will find everything set out in full. In addition to the information contained in the body of the work, there are some valuable appendices dealing with the officers, staff, and sports at the "Shop"; and in the "Roll of Honour" will be found some notable names. Many of the illustrations are in colour, copied from old prints, but the majority are from photographs very well reproduced. (Cassell. 12s. 6d. net.)

## SHAKESPEARE SERMONS.

EDITED BY THE REV. GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

Stratford yearly commemorates her immortal son by a "Shakespeare week" at the time of his birthday. The vicar makes it a practice to invite an eminent preacher on the nearest Sunday to address the mimes and others who attend from what he calls, for what reason we know not, the "Shakespeare pulpit." Here is a selection from the results, good, bad, and indifferent. The best is by the Rev. R. S. de C. Laffan, a late headmaster of the Stratford Grammar School; the worst, not even excluding the vicar's own, is a screed on modern fiction by a right rev. prelate whose name shall not be particularised. More preachers than one take a text from the story of Balaam, which is one of the lessons for the day: it seems to be forgotten that the prophet was not the only speaker on that occasion. The fact is, that Shakespeare does not lend himself in any way to the uses of the pulpit. A great moral force, if you will, but a great artist too, and a moralist whose outlook upon life is not from the windows of any house of either seventeenth or nineteenth century orthodoxy. His only recorded personal relation to a preacher is in the account book of the Corporation of Stratford, who paid for a quart of sack and a quart of claret sent as a compliment to a preacher at New Place, when Shakespeare was living there in retirement. That the Bard took his share of the liquor cannot be doubted; but there is no evidence that he listened to the sermon. (Longmans.)

## DALMATIA ILLUSTRATA.

BY WILLIAM ROYLE.

To anyone who has known the silent and ancient cities of the Dalmatian coast this book of sketches will be welcome. There is an intense fascination in the voyage down the Adriatic, for after leaving Pola the traveller plunges at once into the Middle Ages, and leaves modern Europe far behind. In fact, it is not too much to say that Dalmatia gives a new meaning to mediæval, and especially to mediæval Italian, literature, for nothing seems to have changed since the republics of Venice and Ragusa were mistresses of the sea. The hands of the clock have stood still, and the contemporaries of Romeo and Juliet yet walk the narrow streets of the little towns. Zara, the capital, only known to Europe as the place where Maraschino comes from; Sebenico, with its land-locked harbour; Spalato, built into the remains of Diocletian's palace; and Ragusa itself, once the seat of a sovereign republic—all lie asleep at the foot of the barren rocks of the Dalmatian mountains; and though here and there Austrian officials have tried to credit the existence of the

vanishing nineteenth century, they cannot be said to be the fairy prince who is to kiss the sleeping beauty back to life. Mr. Royle has a due reverence for his theme, and in his letterpress he gives plenty of information on the cities of the coast. His illustrations are well intentioned, but fail to do justice to the subject, as, indeed, all illustrations but the very best must fail. Still, to those who know Dalmatia they will recall many pleasant hours between the grey mountains and the deep blue sea. The country lies, as it were, in a backwater, out of the rush of modern life and modern travel; and even to recall it with Mr. Royle's help is restful. (Vinton. 12s. 6d.)

## THE VANITY FAIR ALBUM. VOL. XXXII.

Three grades of portraits are, as usual, to be found in this entertaining volume. We have unrestrained caricature, characteristic portraiture, and plain portraiture. In all Mr. Leslie Ward ("Spy") shows his cleverness, but it is in the second class that he excels. The throwing of a well-known man into his characteristic easy attitude is his special and frequent triumph. The portraits of the Hon. Walter Lionel Rothschild, M.P., and Mr. Arthur de Rothschild in this volume are excellent examples. Nor could anything be better than the easy seizure of characteristics in the portrait of Sir Thomas Salter Pyne. Among other portraits of great excellence are those of the Marquis of Clanricarde, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Justice Buckley, Captain the Honourable Hedworth Lambton, R.N., and Mr. Frederick Treves.

The young author of *The Lady Madeleine Wondamore; or, Love from the Ideal, and Other Poems*, would have been well advised to have waited until his talent for versifying had matured before publishing. His vein is youthful, intense, and bathetic; and his love of strange hyphenations like "heaven-winged," "year-task," "pink-caved nostrils," "shadow-melancholy," "pleasure-pain," and the like is to be deprecated. The verse is of this order:

The faint smile which was on the Youth's sweet face,  
Dies as he looks at Madeleine. His eyes  
Still say—"Oh where?"—he passes; he is gone  
And Madeleine thinks of his smile; smiles too  
As a rosy hope buds, blooms from out her heart,  
Then falls in hopeless petals o'er her Soul—  
Entombs her smile. This hope re-lives, and dies  
As hopelessness; yet lives again, yet dies.  
Her castellated mansion-home she reaches.

In *Hand in Hand with Dame Nature* (Sherratt & Hughes) Mr. W. V. Burgess records his own leisurely rambles in rural spots, and his reflections by the way. These reflections unfortunately mar the book by their vapidness. "That the truest ministry reaches us through the soul, and not through the brain, is, I think, frequently made manifest." This is the kind of sentence that makes the next something of a terror. But when Mr. Burgess is writing about flowers, birds, and field life, that is to say, when he is definite, he is pleasantly readable. Still, he should not write: "Then we may lay down in the deep grass."

*The Apartments of the House*, by Joseph Crouch and Edmund Butler (Unicorn Press), is a well-devised and profusely-illustrated manual for the well-to-do householder who wishes to be in the decorative swim. It deals in chapters with the Hall, the Dining Room, the Drawing Room, the Bedroom, Furniture, Accessories, &c., and throughout there is a careful and erudite reference of styles to their periods and an insistence on sound principles. The illustrations are chosen with great care. An excellent book of its kind.

*The Picturesque History of Yorkshire* (Dent) reaches its sixteenth shilling part, and contains the stories of Brignall Banks, Rokeby, Barnard Castle, and other Teesdale localities made famous by Scott. Cotherstone, Wycliffe, Dalton-on-Tees, and Guisborough are among the localities described.

## Fiction.

## The Novel of Super-Nature.

*Stringtown on the Pike.* By John Uri Lloyd. (Hodder. 6s.)

*Pharaoh's Daughter, and Other Stories.* By William Waldorf Astor. (Macmillan. 6s.)

*A Cabinet Secret.* By Guy Boothby. (White. 5s.)

*A Vizier's Daughter.* By Lillias Hamilton. (Murray. 6s.)

THE voice of Fate is for most of us sufficiently faint to excuse a denial of its existence, but it is a voice with an echo which, unlike that of any other voice, gathers volume with repetition. At death-beds it has been known to shout, making for itself a veritable choir of even the furniture in the house where the sick man lies. It was a seer as well as poet who wrote:

The breeze from the embalmed land  
Blows sudden toward the shore,  
And elaps my cottage door.  
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.

Here there is solemnity of reverence, but the function of the supernatural in art is, as a rule, to produce a feeling of delicious languor, of intellectual enervation, of pleasurable fear. Let us consider for a few moments the supernatural as presented in four recently published novels.

In *Stringtown on the Pike*, a Kentucky romance of the 'sixties, omens, as interpreted by an old negro, seem to be not so much the prophets as the originators of misfortune. The transplanted cedar-tree foretells with cruel accuracy the death of the planter. A limb sprouts from it, and presently the negro says: "Dah am room fo' a coffin undah dat limb, suah," and knows that his master will die. Not in vain had he himself ignorantly planted a "weepin' willah befo' de doah" of his Dinah, for they lost thirteen children: "dah am no way t' change dat awful willah-tree sign." The story moves in the shadow of his predictions, and acquires thereby a sort of forthrightness rare in melodrama. In manipulating the supernatural a poetic imagination is essential. This Mr. Lloyd possesses. The reader does not accept the dukkeripen which inspires Mr. Watts-Dunton's one novel and best verse more gratefully than he does the more sinister symbols which presage the doom of Mr. Lloyd's fair foundling and the two enemies who love her. The reason is, that the element of beauty enters into his work. This character may be too precocious with the pistol, that one too obtuse to *Natura mystica* and his own fallibility. The whole work, like one painted in distemper, has, no doubt, the effect of a sombre dream. But it is not a confused dream. It has a lucidity not unmajestic, if we except an occasion when the supernatural condescends to explain itself. The passion of *Aylwin* is higher; in workmanship *Aylwin* is inferior.

One turns to Mr. Astor with the interest due to a man who presumably can write to please himself. In two cases his contributions take the singular form of what may be styled Astor's Sequels to Shakespeare. Thus we have Brabantio falling in love with an immortal siren of the sea—a mermaid, in fact. In this story the idea is presented that human love is the cause of human mortality. The alchemist "aged thirty years in as many seconds" when he "yielded himself for a single delirious instant to the thrilling sweetness of the beautiful mermaid's embrace." We regard it as a bad sign that Mr. Astor should have written stories about Pharaoh's daughter and Potiphar's wife. It is characteristic of the unredeemed (in art) that they not only essay the impossible, but gravely publish their attempts. Mr. Astor is too fond of manufacturing literary curiosities. He has culture, however, and there are bits in his Cliveden journals which have quite a Pepsian flavour. His treatment of the dark side of Nature is fragrant of scholarly intention, although sensational. Mr. Astor is intelligently interested in metaphysics.

It would be scarcely rash to hazard that Mr. Boothby is not. But, for all that, *A Cabinet Secret* contains a supernatural element. A cabinet minister, who in the course of his narrative reveals himself as a perfect prodigy of unsuspecting innocence, gives away State-secrets during hypnotic sleep to a fair anarchist. The story boldly assumes that during the present Boer War the Colonial Secretary and other important personages were kidnapped and the Prime Minister assassinated. We have, as in *A Prince of Swindlers*, an imposter who secures a footing in the most exclusive society by a clever parade of wealth. The kidnapped persons escape a fearful end, designed for them with a superfluous ingenuity that excites an amused surprise. It may safely be said that no intellectual effort whatever is required to read Mr. Boothby. He involves you in no labyrinth; he merely piles his agonies into a pyramid, and you look at them. His colourless baldness of style barely rewards research. Style and story are, like the raised letters that announce the notorious foodstuffs of infancy, plain almost to the point of mannerism. He is the priest regnant of the simple cult of Cock and Bull. His super-nature will never mean more than that.

In the last story with which we have to deal the supernatural element is provided by palmistry. The heroic Hazara maiden alluded to in the title of Dr. Hamilton's story tasted the horrors of a barbarous war in treachery and bondage, and her bitter lot was legible in her hand. *A Vizier's Daughter* claims to be a discreet embodiment of fact, and, like all pictures of an embryonic civilisation, is painful. It may well be authentic, for the writer is or was court physician to Abdur Rahman, the Ameer. The East is a nesting-place of cruelty, and Afghanistan seems to be no exception, though Abdur Rahman may be an Oriental Marcus Aurelius. Slaves are cheap and abundant. Hired labour receives the stick if it dare to ask a higher wage than the standard one. High officials are harassed by overwork and suspicion. Dr. Hamilton's heroine is a lovable creation, and one shudders as one sees this frank, proud, aristocratic girl thrown twice on the mercies of a horrible villain. The book contains some vivid sketches of harem-life. Eastern types are not often seen in English fiction in their proper perspective. It was clever to show, as Dr. Hamilton does, that a woman of Afghanistan may be intermittently by turns diabolically cruel and positively good-natured.

In this story the value of the supernatural is to establish the feeling of Fate, of inevitability. The gentle pain of the reader at the climax is thus unmarred by shock.

Rightly considered, the supernatural is merely the dark side of Nature. The use of it need by no means imply paucity of resource; it is rather a test of resource. In the hands of a Boothby it is a conjuring trick. In the hands of a Lloyd it is a magic. But it can be something finer still in the hands of him who enjoys insatiably the mysteries of common men and things.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## ON THE TRACK.

BY HENRY LAWSON.

A volume of short stories by the author of *While the Billy Boils*, full of local colour and the incisiveness of a man who knows his characters well. "A Vision of Sandy Blight" and "Bush Cats" are among the suggestive titles. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson.)

## NORTHERN LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

A collection of stories dealing with "the quaint little people who inhabit the Arctic and sub-Arctic zones of North America." The effort of the author has been to present facts in an attractive dress. His attempt looks interesting. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## Bismarck's Love-Letters.

WHEN the Bismarck Memoirs were published their appearance was throughout Europe heralded for a sign and for a portent. On the eve of publication excerpts of them, columns in length, kept the telegraph wires busy; every European journal of repute reserved a broadside for their review. Before their publication these autobiographic Memoirs of the greatest master of latter-day statecraft were regarded as the Sibylline Books of the nineteenth century, heavy with fate. In this country, at any rate, the Memoirs were a disappointment. Written with a view to publication, they were, in the main, the well-weighed utterance of a statesman, a review of his life's work, an account of his political stewardship, the farewell, and, perhaps, a note of warning of one writing in the evening of his days. Consequently, to those who desired a portrait of the man who, save only Napoleon, threw his shadow farthest over the Western World, these Memoirs were unsatisfying. Forceful, far-seeing as they were, they lacked the saving grace of human interest. This month, however, a volume of letters (*Fürst Bismarck's Briefe an seine Braut und Gattin*. Stuttgart: Cotta) has been published which furnishes the material for a portrait of the man as he was in all the phases of his complex character. It consists for the most part of letters written to his wife between the years 1846 and 1892. There are over five hundred of them, of very varying interest as of dissimilar length.

These letters were not written for publication. In them Bismarck seldom trenches on politics. He was writing love-letters. Again and again he touches on some burning question of the hour, only to break off short. "You can read all about it in the newspapers; let us talk of something of deeper interest to ourselves. How are the babies, and has the white mare foaled yet?" A thousand and one trifling incidents, unimportant in themselves, and perhaps superabundant in their repetition, yet infinitely helpful to a just appreciation of the manysided character of the writer, furnish the matter of this ponderous volume. For these letters show us a Bismarck with whom we in this country, at any rate, are imperfectly acquainted—Bismarck the man as distinct from the politician. They give us a picture of the Man of Blood and Iron with his armour doffed, of the Macchiavelli of the Mailed Fist writing straight from his heart. They show him to us as those who were dear to him knew him, and the portrait is human and pleasing. A devout lover, a devoted husband, an affectionate father, and a clean-lived country gentleman, without fear and without reproach, is the Bismarck silhouetted by these letters, a needed complement to the Bismarck of the Memoirs, and a wholesome corrective to the ghoulish caricature conjured by the perfervid imagination of Busch. Every one of the letters bears its unconscious evidence to the high character and lofty motives, the deep-rooted loyalty and selfish patriotism, of the Empire-maker. They bear witness, too, of more purely human qualities, of an intense and

passionate love of nature, of a robust sense of humour, and, withal, of a generous, considerate kindliness.

The compilers, with Teutonic exactness, have entitled the volume *Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Bride and Wife*. It is a distinction without a difference. Bismarck was always his wife's lover, and consequently from the first letter he wrote to his betrothed, in January, 1847, to his last telegram to Princess Bismarck, in 1892, he wrote love-letters. During the first ten years of this period the letters are by far more interesting and more frequent. The explanation is obvious enough. When once Bismarck had gained a firm foothold on the ladder of his ambition there was proportionately less necessity for separation from his wife and family. He could afford to be with his heart where his treasure was. During the term of his engagement and probation his letters are a self-revelation that is of vast consequence to a proper understanding of his character—a character cast on grand, simple, and almost homely heroic lines. The first letter of the five hundred that follow is typical. Bismarck writes formally to Herr von Puttkamer for leave to pay his addresses to his daughter. It was his period of storm and stress. Behind him lay an eventful and not altogether edifying past. For the moment he was in the evil odour of freethought, an ungoverned frame of mind that was like to stink in the nostrils of an orthodox and straightlaced country gentleman of the Puttkamer stamp. Yet knowing his ill-repute, Bismarck writes with "frankness without reserve":

As regards my public life [he writes] it will be easy enough for you to obtain information from other sources. I confine myself, therefore, to an account of my private concerns and especially of my attitude towards Christianity. . . . After a course of religious instruction, irregularly attended and misunderstood by my sixteenth birthday, I had no other belief than a naked deism that was not long without a pantheistic taint. It was about this time that I ceased to say my prayers, not owing to indifference, but in consequence of deliberate resolve, because prayer seemed to me contradictory to my view of the being of God, for I argued with myself that either God, in accordance with His omnipresence, brought forth all things, and therefore my every thought and will, and therefore was, so to speak, praying to Himself through me, or that, if my will were independent of God, it was a presumption, and implied a doubt in the immutability, and therefore on the perfectness of the divine Council, if we were to believe to be able to sway it by human petitions.

At the University he frankly admits that he followed after the philosophies of Spinoza and Hegel, which eminent guides led him into "the blind alley of doubt":

Meanwhile I was affected by events, in which I had no active part, but, as secrets of others, am not free to communicate, that touched me nearly. Their actual result was that the consciousness of the flatness and unworthiness of my view of life became more alive in me than ever. By the counsel of others, as by my own impulse, I was led to read the Scriptures more consecutively and with a resolute suppression of my own judgment. That which stirred in me gained life when, at the news of the fatal illness of our late friend in Cardewin, I wrested, without sophistries as to its reasonableness, the first fervent prayer from my heart. God did not vouchsafe that prayer of mine, neither did He reject it; for I have never lost the capacity to be able to petition Him, and I feel that there is in me, if not peace, that confidence and courage such as never I knew them before. What worth you may assign to this quickening of heart, two months old, I do not know; I only hope that, however it may be adjudged, it may never be lost; a hope of which I have not been able to assure you more urgently than by the unreserved opinions and confidence in what I had just told you, and to no one else, in the confidence that God will suffer the single-minded to prevail.

A strange wooing according to our notions; yet of its sincerity there is no room to doubt. When Bismarck spoke of matters that he held to be of import as concern-

ing his living soul, he bade double-dealing get itself behind him to keep Satan company. Yet this confession, hysterical and high-flown though it may read to latter-day notions, must have cost him much to write. For all he knew, it might have lost him one whom he desired more than life. Yet he never attempted to gloss his backslidings over. The same uncompromising honesty marks all his letters to his future wife. There is one very remarkable letter in which he lays bare the motives that induced him to throw himself into public life, in preference to living the life of a private country gentleman to which his tastes and inclinations prompted him. Considerations of space forbid the quotation of the passage as a whole. Excerpts may illustrate it fitfully:

I therefore believed myself able to make the choice, as far as my prospects were concerned, with complete independence, a choice that seemed the most reasonable, given my tastes and conditions. That the nature of public affairs and the servile status of our officials did not appeal to me, that I do not necessarily consider it a blessing to be an official or even a minister, that it appears to me as respectable and, in certain conditions, even more profitable, to grow corn than to write administrative enactments, that my private ambition tends rather not to obey than to command, these are *facta* for which, apart from my tastes, I can adduce no reason; all the same, it is so. Of all the reasons that could have induced me to combat these disinclinations, the most reputable would probably have been the desire to work more effectively for the benefit of my fellow-citizens than a private individual can do. Apart from the fact that I am really public-spirited enough to devote my powers rather to the furtherance of the commonweal than to my private profit, I am, even at the most presumptuous estimate of my own capabilities, of opinion that it would make no manner of difference, as far as the wellbeing of the inhabitants of Prussia is concerned, if I, or anyone else of the many competent persons with a similar aim, were to preside over a province. The efficaciousness of the individual official is in our case very dependent. The Prussian official is like the individual member of an orchestra, whether he be the first violin or the triangle, with insight of or influence over the whole; he has to play his part as it has been composed for him, whether he considers it good or bad. But I want to make music such as I know to be good or none at all.

Red tape irks him; but to ambition he confesses.

In the case of some famous statesmen, especially in a country of Absolutist constitution, patriotism was, perhaps, the motive that impelled them into public service, much more frequently ambition, the desire to command, to become admired and famous. I must admit that I am not immune from this desire, and many distinctions like those of a soldier in war, of a statesman of a constitutional monarchy, such as Peel, O'Connell (*sic*), Mirabeau, &c., would exercise an attraction on me, like that of candle on a moth. . . . In short, I am not innocent of ambition, but consider it quite as evil a passion as any other, and a degree more foolish.

In this strain only a man who dealt honestly with himself could write. A stern man, yet a kindly withal. Witness that following. He is making his excuses to his mistress for that he has not waited on her before. The reason was "avarice, the root of all evil."

This winter I have been looking after the poor a little more than usual and have found distress, if not in my villages, at any rate in the neighbouring town of Jericho as it could not be worse. When I remember that half-a-crown would keep a hungry family over weeks, it seems to me almost a theft from the poor, if I were to spend thirty on travelling. I could, it is true, give this amount away and travel all the same; but the fact remains; twice and ten times that sum would only appease a fraction of that misery. Tell me, does this hesitation hurt you, that I am so little importunate to see you that I bother about the *misère* of money?

Few landlords could have had a keener consciousness of the duties of their walk in life, as few lovers were more constant and more devout in their attentions to their mis-

tress. As he was in the days of his wooing, so he was throughout his after life. His wife—to give her pleasure, to spare her pain—was always his first thought. In one of the rare letters, scribbled during the crowded days of the Franco-Prussian campaign, there is a characteristic postscript to a hurried note addressed to his son:

If either of you should be wounded, wire to me to Royal Headquarters as soon as possible. But don't wire to your mother first.

She was always in his thoughts. In the days when the fate of the Hohenzollern dynasty hung in the balance, the man who turned the scale seemed, from his letters, to have nothing more important to do than to hunt through every linendraper's in Berlin to match a bit of ribbon.

## Things Seen.

### The Innocent.

He was a small French boy, with intelligent black eyes and close-cropped dark hair, and he was lame of one foot, which explained his seriousness. His world was the hinterland of the Mediterranean seaboard, all bare mountains and desolate valleys, the drearier by contrast with the radiant fruitfulness of the distant coast-line, with its orange groves and gardens of roses. He lived in a decaying village, perched like a bonnet on the top of a high hill, a village *pour rire*: it was all of stone; the huts were like kennels; no vehicle had ever lumbered down its narrow streets, and the castle that crowned it had been in ruins for ages. We talked, and as we talked I found that there was one dread topic that filled his small mind, waking and sleeping; it coloured his talk, it brought fear to his dark eyes; his conversation was rarely free from an allusion to it. That topic was the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo. He whispered, with tears in his eyes, of a brother who had become a croupier. He indicated on the hillside a large villa—unfinished. It had been begun by a rich Englishman, but he had lost all his fortune in two days at the tables. He told of a wealthy woman who had come to stay at the hotel down there in the valley, who had lost all her money at the tables, and was now a governess at Nice; and so on. His small head buzzed with stories of the disaster that that beautiful city with a dead soul spread around; and when I asked him if he had ever been there he opened his big eyes in grave astonishment, and threw out his small hands in a protest of disapproval of my question. So our talk came to an end, and with that Innocent's rebuke looming larger and larger in my imagination I went on my way—to Monte Carlo.

### The Gamblers.

THERE were wise and foolish among the Virgins of Scripture history, and among the gamblers at Monte Carlo there are wise and foolish. It was nine o'clock of a Saturday evening when I entered the Casino. Of the players, some were keeping books, others were pricking on cards the red or black wins, and all were tense and unattractive. They came and went, but the bank's city was a continuing one. It raked and stored, ready to receive the fools of the world, ready to let them go, always without emotion. I was about to move off to another table, when it occurred to me that the intervals between the games were longer than usual. The croupiers had lost their mechanical quietness. They waited between each game, and he whose duty it was to send the little white ball spinning round on its brief career paused till the master croupier, seated in his high chair, gave the sign to begin again. Every head was turned to the right, and mine went with the others, to see a short, middle-



aged Frenchman, standing, dropping piles of louis here and there on the board. This insignificant-looking man had the eye of the room. He was the gambler of the week. The delay in the game was to give him time to stake his money, and time to receive his winnings. When he won, a river of gold and notes flowed towards him; when he lost, he smiled faintly and looked at the clock. When he won, he stuffed every pocket of his coat and waistcoat with gold pieces; when he lost, he emptied his pockets and handed a note to a croupier for change—that was all. “Is he winning?” I asked. The neighbour whom I addressed shrugged his shoulders. “Yesterday he won a fortune. To-day it is not so. To-morrow? Bah? Nobody wins who is serious. For myself, I do not play. But my wife (he indicated a middle-aged, pleasant-looking Frenchwoman seated just beneath where he was standing)—my wife enjoys it. We come here for ten days. I give her twenty pounds. She loses it, but that is her pleasure. For myself, I watch. It amuses me. My wife thinks she is gambling seriously. Oh, no!” Just then the woman caught his arm, and whispered in his ear. He again turned his amiable face towards me. “My wife,” he said, “tells me she will not have time to win. I tell her she has time to lose my fortune, her fortune, the fortune of her grandfather, and of her grandmother. Bah! That man there gambles seriously. He is a fool. My wife plays—with what I give her. And when I give it to her I say to the money: ‘Good-bye; you are lost.’”

### Midnight, 1900–1901.

I SHALL never blush for the impulse that took me to St. Paul's Churchyard to hear the twentieth century struck from the great clock. It was like meeting a wave at its first breaking, for where can the century be said to have begun if not in London, and under the Golden Cross? “Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?” Buried under the waves of Time which they once breasted. But London met the Twentieth Century unshaken; it is good, then, to have seen them meet. When the stroke had sounded I struggled to the east end of the Cathedral. Here the crowd was thinner, but even here an individual in a hansom cab was leading, with his umbrella, a gloomy rendering of “Auld Lang Syne.” Had I looked for some happy augury, I should have looked in vain. From the corner of Newgate-street, where once stood the tavern in which D'Urfey is said to have collected his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, there came a woman with a baby in one hand and a pot of ale in the other, reeling, and singing at the top of her voice:

The bright summer day  
Will soon fade away,  
Say what you mean, and be true, love!

But I was in no mood to moralise the scene. Simply I felt, as never before, the oceanic power and nonchalance of Time. A hundred years ago this night, I thought, Charles Lamb heard the stroke which began the period that another stroke has just ended. On this thought I passed the “Salutation and Cat” in Newgate-street, where—as he never forgot—Lamb had loved to sit with Coleridge, drinking egg-hot and smoking Oronooko, and “beguiling the cares of life with Poesy.” With Poesy! Had I not looked down Cheapside, where they of the Mermaid laughed immortally? And not they only. “O Posterity,” chants Carlyle, in the voice of the seventeenth century, “it is within men's memory when there was an open blacksmith's forge on the north side of Cheap; men openly shoeing horses there. And now it has broad flag-pavements, safe from wheel and horse, even for the maids and children; and there runs about on it one little Boy very interesting to me: ‘John Milton,’ he says he is; a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful little object; Mr. Scrivener Milton of

Bread-street's Boy: Good Heavens!” And over there, in Aldersgate-street, the boy, grown to a man, lived to see how:

When night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

The nights and crimes of tower-crowned, teeming London brood in these lines as in no others; and in them her nights seem to congregate and mutter. What pitifully short steps took me back to 1801 and Lamb; to 1701 and Addison; to 1601 and Shakespeare; to 1501 and Dunbar; to 1401 and Chaucer's new grave! There, on Snow-hill, died John Bunyan. Down there, where Farringdon-street hides the Fleet river, Goldsmith wrote his *Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning*, among the washerwomen and hucksters of Green Arbour-court. And there, beyond, where the houses rise, and the river is hinted, Shakespeare acted in the Blackfriars Theatre and went prospering thence to Bankside. Down this street, to a wretched burial-ground in Shoe-lane, Chatterton was borne from his Holborn garret. His garret and his grave have alike been destroyed. To these men what did not London mean? They loved its night air, they looked up to its stars, they said: “I will do this, and this.” There were many voices in the street, but the voice that filled me was that midnight stroke of Paul's, that made all these my fellows.

W.

### Some Questions in Shakespeare.

GENTLE reader, you know a great deal. You know all the readings of “The Blessed Damosel,” and you possess facsimiles of R. L. S.'s Davos Platz booklets. You have read the poems of “A. E.,” and can quote sumptuously from Pater's “Gaston de Latour.” Your Kiplingiana would fill a number of the ACADEMY, and your theory of the authorship of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* would astonish Mr. Murray. You have hopes that you will one day publicly correct Dr. Robertson Nicoll on the weight of Browning's watch-chain, and Mr. Watts-Dunton on the colour of George Borrow's hair. But do you—we ask hat in hand—do you know your Shakespeare? If so, you will think the following questions very easy indeed:

1. What was the name of Hamlet's uncle?
2. Who was Falstaff's tailor?
3. What was the story that Imogen read in bed?
4. Reconstruct, as far as you can, the menu for the wedding feast of Paris and Juliet.
5. What Shakespearean characters suffered from—  
(a) Toothache?  
(b) Corns?
6. Quote any critical opinions you can remember on the legs of—  
(a) Rosalind.  
(b) Rosaline.
7. How many Rosalines are there in Shakespeare? How many Angelos? How many Polixeneses? How many Kates?
8. Who played billiards, who chess, and who (it is alleged) football?
9. What was the maiden name of Petruchio's wife?
10. Describe the tragedy of Mariana's brother.
11. Which of the plays has the fewest female characters?
12. Mention the three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare.
13. In which play is “young Dizzy” mentioned?
14. Give the Shakespearean pronunciation of—  
(a) Aliena.  
(b) Fidele.  
(c) Jaques.  
(d) Gonzalo.  
(e) Philostrate.

15. What is the longest word in Shakespeare?
16. Who had a statue of pure gold?
17. How long did Leontes take to woo and win Hermione?
18. Give the Shakespearian derivation of "mulier."
19. Describe in as much detail as you can the following rings:
  - (a) Pisanio's.
  - (b) Falstaff's.
  - (c) Bertram's.
20. Where does Shakespeare mention Machiavelli?
21. Give notes on Shakespeare's acquaintance with the habits of—
  - (a) The rhinoceros.
  - (b) The hyena.
22. What characters were born respectively under the following constellations:
  - (a) Mars?
  - (b) Saturn?
  - (c) Mercury?
  - (d) Ursa major?
23. How many years had Falstaff known Poina before he met Mrs. Quickly?
24. Discuss Falstaff as a poet, and give a bibliography of his works in verse, realised and projected.
25. Describe the Duchess of Milan's wedding-gown.
26. Where is breach of promise mentioned in Shakespeare?
27. Two comparatively unknown characters in Shakespeare are Bridget and Biddy. Who are they?
28. On what day of the week and at what hour did Romeo kill himself?
29. Give a brief history of Mother Pratt, of Brentford.
30. "What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not four weeks old yet?" Give the answer to this Shakespearian riddle.
31. Tell what you know of Lysander's aunt.
32. Relate Cleopatra's fish story.
33. Give the name of Mrs. Quickly's spiritual adviser.
34. What was Shakespeare's favourite name for a dog?
35. What did Shakespeare know of—
  - (a) Lapland?
  - (b) Guiana?
  - (c) Arabia?
36. How many instances of second marriages occur in Shakespeare? Who were the parties?
37. Who was Julius Caesar's comrade at school?
38. Where does Shakespeare mention Glasgow?
39. What was Falstaff's waist measurement?
40. "Jupiter ascends."  
SICR: He came in thunder: his celestial breath was sulphurous to smell.  
Annotate this passage from Cymbeline.
41. From which of the plays did Charles Kingsley derive the title *Westward Ho*?
42. Give the arguments in the case of William Visor of Wincot v. Clement Perkes of the hill.
43. How many children had Mr. Justice Shallow? What were their names?
44. Where does Shakespeare mention the birch as an instrument of correction?
45. "What the dickens" is one of the Shakespearian ejaculations. Who used it?
46. What was the colour of Orlando's hair?
47. In which play does "Honi soit qui mal y pense" appear?
48. On what occasions did Falstaff refer to the story of the Prodigal Son?
49. Mention any instances of bearded women in Shakespeare.
50. Give any items you can from Perdita's menu for the sheep-shearing.
51. There is a larger than Falstaff in Shakespeare. What was his name?

52. Who made Desdemona's handkerchief?
53. What was the name of Poina's sister?
54. Mention any Shakespearian instances of sea-sickness.
55. Give reasons for believing that the story of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid was a favourite with Shakespeare.
56. Mention any Shakespearian views on the spelling of the word "abominable."
57. Recount the circumstances in which Orsino's nephew lost his leg.
58. Where was the stuffed alligator?
59. Who said:
 

"Base is the slave that pays?"

"Curses not loud, but deep?"

"Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it?"

## Correspondence.

### An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Kappa" says: "I do not suppose there will be any dispute over Theta's explanation of the story contained in *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*," but I for one do most emphatically protest against the solution she presents, as being altogether incompatible with facts as related in the letters themselves. For instance, is it conceivable that the mother, knowing that the affections of the young couple were already deeply engaged, knowing also of the insuperable barrier to their union which "Theta" suggests existed between them, should not have immediately put down her foot and, without giving any quarter, insisted on that intimacy being ended at once, telling her son of the necessity that required such a sacrifice? And yet we are asked to believe—as indeed the letters show—that "her opposition was at first discreet, calculated, diplomatic," and later on, after agreeing to explain her objections at a stated time, she voluntarily absents herself, allowing the lovers to correspond and see each other as freely as if no such barrier existed, a proceeding quite inexplicable under the suggested circumstances.

Another correspondent, "Phi," says that the theory of lunacy in one or other of the families is *expressly guarded against*. I think not. On the contrary, it appears to me to be distinctly suggested, and, supposing it to be so, would account for many things that otherwise remain unexplained. Her parents' separation shortly after her birth, *without any scandal*; her occasional visits to her mother during her sane intervals; the attitude of her own people when the engagement was broken off; and, more than anything else, would it convince us that, as the editor of the letters would have us believe, "they were both equally the victims of circumstances and free from blame."

Personally I incline to the belief that he *did* tire of her, and that the process of disillusion had commenced before the mother came actively on the scene; further, that he afterwards used his mother's opposition (from whatever cause it may have arisen) as a cloak to cover his own fickleness. One man in a hundred, of the ordinary type of men, might perhaps have appreciated those letters, and the utter abandonment of devotion they express, and not have tired, sooner or later, of them and of the writer. From her own showing he was *not* this man, but a mere "common or garden" one, who at first, no doubt, was flattered at the preference shown to him by this exceptionally clever and cultivated girl, but who soon wearied of her and her "metaphors" and was too cowardly to tell her so. "You are the most generous woman I have ever known . . . the best and most true hearted a man could ever pray to meet." These are the crumbs of comfort he held out to the poor girl who was starving for his love, and at the end, when she is dying and craves for one message, he sends her his "profoundly grateful



remembrances." Of such a man, if the term can be applied to so contemptible a creature, one can almost believe (admitting the story to be true) that he kept her letters not from any sentiment or affection, but with the deliberate intention of one day converting them into money. I sincerely hope, however, that "Theta" is correct in supposing them to be merely the clever and artistic creation of an inventive brain. I know one lady of my acquaintance (very happily married) who is quite capable of having written the whole series.—I am, &c., R. F.

### A Paradox on Art.

SIR,—I have read with the greatest interest Mr. Arthur Symons's article, "A Paradox on Art"; and, while agreeing with him heart and soul that "Art" not only embraces literature, sculpture, painting, and music, but all creations which are truly beautiful—"Art is the creation of beauty in form, visible or audible"—I cannot but raise my voice, or pen rather, in protest against the following statement: "To have created beauty for an instant is to have achieved an equal result in art with one who has created beauty which will last many thousands of years."

It is doubtless presumptuous of me to call in question any remark made by so able a writer as Mr. Symons; yet am I alone in feeling—aye, and feeling most strongly too—that a performance, *par exemple*, of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," or of Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," by an orchestra under Mottl's or Wood's or Weingartner's able conductorship, is not as great a creation as the creation of the Symphonie itself? Or, again, that the impassioned utterances, "creations"—soul-stirring and unequalled though they be—of an Irving, a Siddons, a Bernhardt, not to mention many another, are not as great as the original which inspires them? I do not question that these artists are as perfect in their art as are Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, Shakespeare, Goethe, Racine, to name but a few of the greatest "creators," in theirs; but is their art, the art of interpreting, re-creating, equal to that which first created the great masterpiece?—I am, &c., L. GLEITSMANN.

### "Brunch."

SIR,—May I be allowed to explain to your correspondents that I had no intention of claiming "brunch" as a word of my own invention when I wrote the lines in the *Westminster Gazette* to which you referred?

The word was originally made known to me by such of my contemporaries at Eton as went up to either University, and I believed its popularity to be so widespread as to need no disclaimer of parentage on my part.

Whether "brunch" is a happy or unhappy combination of meals must be a matter of opinion. Personally I have found it disgusting. But I should be overwhelmed with remorse if the explanatory definition, which I added to my lines, were to jeopardise the favour of the feast.—I am, &c., GUY C. POLLOCK.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 67 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best reflections on the change of century in the manner of Pepys. We award the prize to Mr. G. M. Taylor, Stanford, Rusholme, Manchester, for the following:

December 31.—Up, and to my office betimes, where all pretty well. Dined at home, when my wife, poor wretch, dressed the remains of our Christmas turkey, it being the last day of the year,

and moreover, as some do aver, the last year of the century. My wife wished to see the new play of Mr. Phillips, which is mighty well spoken of, but I desired her to be quiet, having newly made a vow to abstain from all playes, which I resolve, by God's blessing, to keep for a week; and so to end my journell. My condition is thus: my health (only for catching cold) better lately, but I am at a losse to know whether it be my pills of quinine, or my having left taking my morning tubb. As for publique matters, though the Queen, God bless her! is well, we are in an ill condition through these Dutch fellows, being mightily punished for our late presumption. But Lord! to think how this rascal De Wett hath given them the slip. We are in so great a dume about this warr, that past success and hopes for the new year are well-nigh forgot. So ends the old year, and I do trust that we may by some means muddle through that which is coming. My new flowered waistcoat just arrived in time for the new year—very noble. And so to bed.

Other replies are as follows:

December 31.—Rose late, and having partaken of light breakfast, to office with all speed. On way thither reflected that the century's end seemed to demand serious thought and consideration of resolutions. Resolved, *imprimis*, to moderate appetite for drink. Called at —, where determined to take a final cup of ale. There met —, who invited me to drink with him and asked what opinion I had of the century's close. Whereat I told him I discerned little difference between the present and past years' ends. Told him that war was still with us, and poverty, and crime, and covetousness. Further, I told him that in my opinion the next century would end in a like fashion. Hereupon the fellow, who meant well, directed me to observe the many good things which the century had wrought, which I, admitting, still adhered to my general view. At this he became wroth and refused to continue further. So left him and to office. Resolved to abstain from disputations talks, seeing that little good is derivable from them. Home late and watched numerous travellers moving with uncertain step, albeit they rent the air with song. Was convinced thereby that drink deserved the ill reputation which it has acquired. Resolved to carefully consider on the morrow the advisability of complete abstention from the same.

[H. W. D., South Tottenham.]

So ends the old year, I bless God, with great joy to me and also the century, and mighty wonderful it has been, and I bless God I did live in it. I at Lord Ashley's did hear recount, in brief, but with much wit, a summary of last century's achievements in reforms and science, and I resolved to devote my attention more to the advancement of the race and less to myself, though that is good, and God help me. Our publique affairs are in a straightened condition, and full of gloom, threatening the destruction of Empire and loss of valuable colonies—which God defer—and I do fear private ambition is destroying public devotion, therefore I resolve in the new century, which God bless to us, to take a more determined attitude in public affairs, though, if possible, not to the overthrow of my health and my goodly estate, to attain which it behoves us to be diligent workers. My wife's position at Court is assured, and, looking to the future—not forgetting the past—and my wife's wilful and malicious, though as fully deserved as it went to my stomach, hints on jealousy. I bless God, in the hope I may be more innocent, as I sometimes am, in all my thoughts of the fair sex. My vows as to wine and plays I hope to yet one day take up, having found great benefit therefrom. All which vows, when I reflect on the gracious Providence of the past, I do more solemnly make oath to perfect and observe upon the respective penalties thereto annexed; and, reflecting on my happy lot, which God preserve, I do think myself obliged to think myself happy, and do look upon myself at this time in the happiest occasion a man can be, when, being heir of all the ages—not forgetting the last and one mighty wonderful—I can step into a new and so promising a century, young, with better worldly prospects than ever, and in the as yet best days of my health; and for all this I do vow never to forget blessing God.

[J. R. J., London.]

Other replies received from A. G., Cheltenham; T. C., Buxted; C. B., Shoreham; R. A. C., Newcastle-on-Tyne; T. T., Manchester; L. McD., Glasgow; A. E. W., London; S. M., London; R. W. L., London; H. B. R., Manchester.

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